LIFE OF ELIHU ROOT, STATESMAN AND PEACE-WORKER

Quiet Man, Who by His Utterances Sways His Colleagues in the Senate, Declines to Stand for Highest Office in Gift of American People.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

Elihu Root has the floor in the Senate. He is adding a supplietory to what has been called his powerful speech on the currency. Today's argument was not expected, otherwise the half-empty galleries would be overflowing with auditors and spectators.

From the seat once belonging to John Sherman—second row, near the aisle on the east side of the chamber—he slowly arises. He is grave, but there are no visible symptoms of a purpose to be impressive—no pride of bearing, no pretended humility, no acting.

James Bryce has just publicly stated in London that Elihu Root was the greatest Secretary of State in the history of the American nation. A commission of Swedish scholars, scientists and statesmen voted him but recently the Nobel prize of $40,000 as "the person who has done the most, or labored the best, for the cause of fraternity among different peoples."

Roosevelt has said that "Elihu Root was the wisest man he ever knew." Andrew Carnegie remarked several days ago in Washington, "and Lord Morley has said that Root was the ablest man he ever met. I indorse the opinions of both Roosevelt and Morley. My only objection to Root is his modesty."

Also Gallinger, of New Hampshire, for twenty-two years a Senator, has signed and published a statement within a week that Root is his candidate for President. "If it had been in my power," he added, "Elihu Root would have been President long ago." So has run new praise of this calm man through the United States and other countries.

As he stands, pausing for a moment before he begins his address to the Senate, no one who knows him, or has long observed him, can note any change in his demeanor. The words which have been spoken of him, judging by the lack of all external symbols of countenance or conduct, might have remained unuttered and unprinted.

How Root Looks When Speaking.

The sovereignty, sir, of no state, not even the richest in the land is reflected in his face. The plaudits for the man, ringing all over the world, seemingly have been unheard.

Elihu Root cannot help looking elegant. Structurally, though he is five feet ten in stature, perhaps, he belongs to the scholastic type of mankind. His long coat, cut away at the skirt, fits his spare body perfectly, looking unlike, for instance, a similar coat bulging at the tails and ungraceful at the hips, habitually worn by Boise Penrose, who at this moment is rapidly walking across the floor of the Senate.

No analytical stranger studying Elihu Root's head and face would suppose him to be one of the most eminent of living statesmen and lawyers. The thought of vigor comes to the mind at the memory of portraits of Lincoln, Webster, Bismarck, and Gladstone.

In the refinement of his features, Elihu Root resembles John Marshall and Thomas Jefferson—indeed, his nose and chin are strikingly Jeffersonian. His eyes, brown and large, burn at times with feeling or glow with supersensitiveness and intelligence. They and his nose give his face its power and attractiveness.

The mustache, once dark, has turned white. As can be seen by those in the gallery, the hair, always banged, is becoming scant. The voice, high-pitched in childhood and student days, has been regulated by usage and has deepened in some of the lower tones. Occasionally it will be noted a word, in the nice precision of his speech, lags behind. Suddenly he brings it forward with explosive emphasis, which, were he less earnest and laborious, might be called an artifice in oratory.

There are also wide gaps at times in his sentences. Thus: "They," referring to the bankers of New York, "went not alone to the verge (here he stops), but beyond it (again he stops and, turning his back to the Democrats, faces his own party associates), of propriety and safety."

A Great Scene in the Senate.

Documents are on his desk. He pecks at them frequently with the index finger of his right hand. The finger is long and slender, and the thumb stands out, denoting, palmists say, an open and generous nature. Before he takes up a paper he puts on his eyeglasses with both hands.

Swanson, of Virginia, robust of voice, heavy mustached, arises, breaks in and reads from a book. "The author," he observes when he is done, "is a conservative man."

"How do you know he is a conservative man?" Root inquires, scornfully and with rising inflection. "By what you read I should say he was a very reckless man."

And so the speech, never fluent, but always trenchant, goes on. Now and then a word is lost in the noise made by arched palms as the hands of the speaker smash together at points where he hopes to be conclusive. Through it all Gallinger, his champion and nominator, writes busily at a speech of his own, while Burton, the successor and human copy of John Sherman, sits, folded up like a footrule, devouring every word that is said.

Finally the speech, historical in some of its aspects, is done. The Presidency has been renounced. "My political and public career is drawing to a close," Elihu Root has said with dignity. "Before the next administration comes to a close I shall have passed the age of seventy-six years. It is manifestly impossible, sir, that I should be the President of the United States. No political ambition whatever finds its place in the horizon of my future."

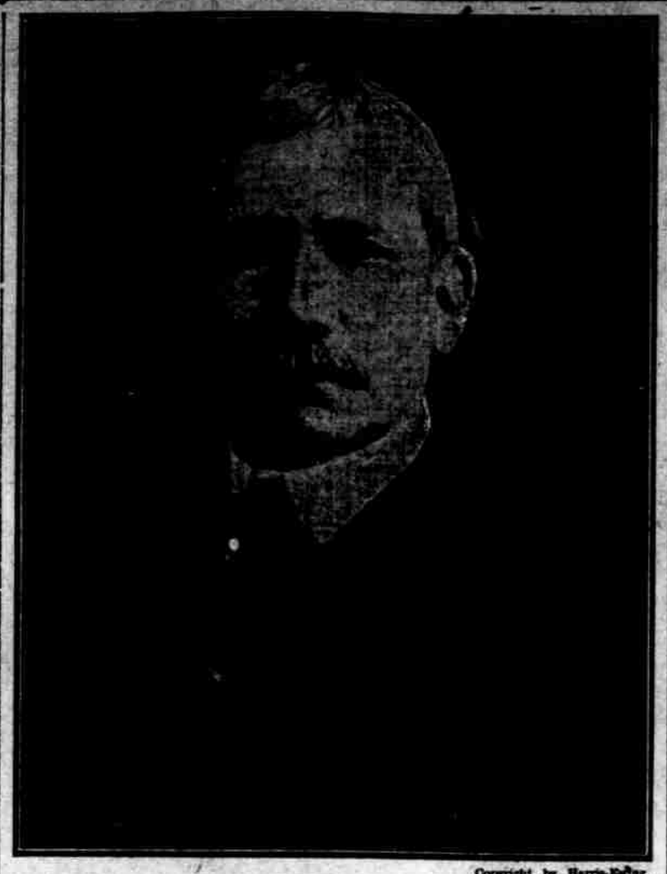
Only yesterday, a Senator, in the rough-and-tumble of his methods, though he is declared to be a classical scholar, had exclaimed, in answering Root's first argument on the currency: "What a wonderful wreck can be wrought in a sound mind by a Presidential bee!"

Now he approaches Root's desk, leans over and speaks a few words. Any man can imagine what is being said. Elihu Root wrinkles his face into a smile and bobs his head up and down. But can a private apology compensate for a public discourtesy? The wagging head and puckering smile seem to answer the inquiry.

Elihu Is Like Oren, the Father.

Men who were schoolmates of Root at Clinton, in New York, remember that he wore a brown roundabout, had a large nose, and spoke in a shrill pitch of voice. They also say that he was thoughtful, careful, industrious and modest. Oren Root, his father, was called "Cube Root" out of his hearing by the students in his classes. The grandfather of Oren Root, so Col. Roosevelt has said, fought at Concord Bridge with 300 Provincial Americans who, driving 800 British soldiers from the field of battle, followed them to Boston, shooting them from behind trees and stone fences.

In those days and later, the Roots were farmers, and lived in Massachusetts.



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ELIHU ROOT

Oren Root was graduated from Hamilton College in 1833 with honors. He was a professor of mathematics for thirty-two years at the institution where he was educated. He had a custom before his classes of calling the United States "my country."

The son, Elihu, is said to be like his father, mentally, morally, and temperamentally, if not physically. Oren Root was a large man. Elihu Root will never be of full habit. Spare is the word that describes his body and trim is the word that describes his appearance. Oren Root and his wife, Nancy Buttrick Root, also of Revolutionary blood, are buried in the college cemetery at Hamilton. The tomb of Schenandoa, the great chief of the Oneidas, is in the same graveyard. There, too, doubtless, Elihu Root will be given sepulture.

Clinton even now a village of only 1,200 inhabitants, was the birthplace of Elihu Root. There he lived in a house on the campus until he was nineteen years old, at which age he was graduated from college. If he took any part in athletics no one has even mentioned the fact. Croquet seems to have been the outdoor exercise of the students at Hamilton in those days. At all events, Elihu Root sometimes played the game, going about it, as he does all matters of life, with carefulness, deliberation and precision. He struck the ball to win, men now say who contended with him on the college green.

Life to him has been a mathematical problem. Nothing is hit or miss. Everything is thought out. Thus Oren Root's character of mind was handed over to his heir. Elihu Root aspired to be the valedictorian of his class, though he was the youngest man. There was a race through the whole course between him and Henry Martyn Simmons, four years his senior and for twenty-four years and until his death a minister in Minneapolis. The son of the professor of mathematics gained the honor.

Judges in New York have said that Elihu Root in his cases was the best prepared man ever coming before them for trial or argument. All conspicuous officeholders, save William H. Taft, when President, and he was honest enough to tell the truth about it, are pictured by their secretaries and associates as genuine bees and ants of patient and persistent industry. But Elihu Root is actually diligent.

At college he wrote numerous essays. His double object was to gain a prize and to develop the power to express himself in composition and oratory. The prize came in his senior year after many failures. His subject was "The Jew in Dickens, Scott and Shakespeare." Another oration on "The Disadvantages of Being Rich," also brought him the compliments of the faculty. He did not know then that he would earn $100,000 a year presently practicing law in New York.

Naturally, Elihu Root has not the talent for readiness of speech. Yet he is the orator chosen for great occasions, political, historical, ceremonial. He is logical instead of rhetorical; cultural rather than imaginative. On such foundations as he possesses, he has built a rare felicity for content and convincing statement. Doubtless he ranks among the great orators of the century. This is so because of the arithmetical quality of his intellect. His mind goes directly to the essentials of a subject. Men also declare him a prophet.

Dictated a Code of Laws.

"Picture Elihu Root pacing back and forth across his room dictating offhand to a stenographer the memorable instructions of President McKinley to the first Philippine Commission," General Clarence R. Edwards, himself one of the pacifiers of the Filipnos, said to me. "Instructions," he went on, "that will ever remain a classic among state papers, that established civil government behind the army as it swept forward, that ended the rule of the bayonet, substituting the rule of peace, that raised eight million human beings from the ground, stood them on their feet and liberated them from Spanish tyranny and hordes of robbers of their own blood. Dictated, I say, offhand. I would like to live under those instructions myself."

The Roots were poor. Elihu taught school for a year after leaving college. Then followed two years of work and deprivation in the city of New York. He will not talk about the hard experiences of his student days in the law. There were evenings when his pockets were empty of money—literally. There were times when he was hungry. Sitting up in his night clothes, he would study until his eyes would close with fatigue and drowsiness and then he would topple over on his bed and sleep. He tutored law students and joined the debating society of the Y. M. C. A. still to better his skill in controversy.

At twenty-two he was a lawyer, with an academic degree from Hamilton College and a professional degree from the Law School of the University of the City of New York. His practice began at once. John H. Strahan was his first partner. Later, he became associated with Willard Bartlett, a relation that continued for fourteen years and until Mr. Bartlett was elected a justice of the Supreme Court of New York. Judge Bartlett, a Democrat, has been on the bench since 1884. He was chosen last November to be chief judge of the Court of Appeals.

Why He Became a Rich Lawyer.

"Will you tell me about your first case?" I asked Senator Root.

A shake of his head and an amazed look in his eyes was all the answer he gave to the inquiry.

When thirty years of age, Elihu Root was an authority on corporation and real estate law. That was away back in 1875. The Standard Oil Company had been organized five years before. The great Standard Oil Trust was to be formed in 1882. Men who know Elihu Root say that his knowledge of events before they occur is astonishing. He seems to have been born with information which others gain only by education and experience. Seeing the dawning day of corporations, he specialized in the laws which governed them. Great fees poured into his office afterward because of his prescience and preparedness.

On some special occasion, always political, a writer or a stumper will scornfully say that Elihu Root was William M. Tweed's lawyer. "One of his lawyers" would be a more honest statement of the matter. Both Mr. Root and Willard Bartlett were Tweed's junior counsel. They were drawn into the case by a client who found himself tangled up in the Tweed scandal.

So far as can be remembered Elihu Root has never attempted to excuse himself for his defense of the brazen and spectacular old grafter. Every accused man has his right to a day in court. If he cannot hire a lawyer, the judge will appoint one to care for his interests. Tweed's senior counselors were David Dudley Field, a brother of Cyrus W. Field, who laid the first Atlantic cable; of Mr. Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, and of Dr. Field, the famous Presbyterian minister, author, and editor; James Graham, the ablest criminal lawyer in New York, and William Fullerton, W. O. Bartlett, and J. E. Burrill, all practitioners of wide reputation.

The jury disagreed at the first trial of the case. Tweed was convicted at the second trial and sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve years and fined $12,500. Judge Noah Davis heard the case at both trials. Before the second trial opened Tweed's counsel objected in writing to Davis on the ground that he was prejudiced.

Withdraws from Tweed's Case.

After the jury came in with a verdict of guilt, Judge Davis fined Graham, Fullerton, and William O. Bartlett $250 each for contempt of court and administered a rebuke to Elihu Root and Willard Bartlett, saying: "I know how apt young counsel, when associated with more experienced and distinguished gentlemen, are to follow their lead than to act upon their own judgment."

It was afterward said that Elihu Root really suggested and wrote the document of objection. Tweed having been found guilty, Root, and Bartlett, his partner, withdrew from his defense. Early in December, 1875, Tweed had an interview at Ludlow street jail with two lawyers, neither of whom was Root or Willard Bartlett, they having ceased to be his counselors.

The same day Tweed and three of the sheriff's deputies went to his house in Madison avenue for dinner. While the deputies were eating Tweed escaped. He was traced to Cuba and thence to Spain, where he was arrested. Brought back to New York, he died in jail and so ended his strange adventures.

Elihu Root practiced law until he became Secretary of War during President McKinley's first administration. New problems to the government were pressing for solution in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. President McKinley appealed to Elihu Root for support, telling him that he owed the nation his advice and active assistance. Mr. Root's professional income at that time was said to be $100,000 a year. He came to Washington at an annual salary of $8,000.

Seven months after Elihu Root took public office, William H. Taft resigned his place on the bench to accept the Presidency of the United States Philippine Commission. The appearance, therefore, of these two men in politics was practically contemporaneous. Elihu Root more than President McKinley, perhaps, was responsible for Judge Taft's relinquishment of the work he loved the best.

At all events he entered the room at the White House during the conference between McKinley and Taft and directly appealed to Taft's patriotism, exactly as McKinley had appealed to his own patriotism and as Roosevelt later on appealed to it when he wanted Root, who had resumed his law practice, to be Secretary of State. Mr. Taft has told me of the historical scene at the White House when, yielding to arguments of McKinley and Root, he quit the bench never to return again but to become, instead, the President of the United States.

Taft's Story of Root's Appeal.

"I was dictating a decision at the old Federal building in Cincinnati," he said to me, "when a telegram was put into my hands from President McKinley. 'I shall take it as a great favor,' so the message read, 'if you will call on me some time next week.'

"On reaching Washington and going to the White House, I met the President and Secretary Long, of the Navy. Presently Elihu Root, Secretary of War, came into the room.

"'I want to send you to the Philippines,' the President said, after our greetings were over.

"'But,' I replied, 'I have thought from the first that we do not need the Philippines; that we can get along very well without them.'

"'So have I,' Mr. McKinley answered, 'but now that we have the Philippines we must take care of them. I ask you to be a member of the Philippine Commission and to aid in establishing civil government in the islands as the army moves on.'

"I thought of my place as a judge," Mr. Taft told me, "and was reluctant to give it up. Then Secretary Root took part in the conversation. 'You have reached the turning of the ways in your life,' he said. 'You can travel the easy road, remain on the bench and be comfortable, or you can do your country a service. For the first time in our history an opportunity opens and it is given to you. The way will be rough, you will have to make personal sacrifices, take risks and work hard.'

"I returned home," Mr. Taft continued, "and debated the matter for two weeks. I went to the Philippines. And no two men ever gave another better support than Mr. McKinley and Secretary Root gave me. When there was a difference of opinion, I argued the case out with Secretary Root by cable."

And Mr. Taft took with him "the memorable instructions," as Gen. Edwards terms them, which Secretary Root had dictated offhand while pacing his office in the War Department and which, in themselves, Edwards thinks, are laws sufficient for any country or any people.

No anecdotes are told of Elihu Root. He is a grave man and his face is almost sad. Newspaper writers say that he never smiles. Perhaps not to them, but to others he smiles frequently. "Let us take no action unless we are in earnest," he once advised a group of business and professional friends, "and are prepared to follow it to the end."

Following it to the end, first being in earnest, may explain the influence and eminence of this tranquil man in Europe and America.

Luck.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

George Ade, at a dinner, said of luck:

"Nobody is so dependent on luck as the playwright. When he prospers he considers luck a kindly goddess; but when his work fails, then luck seems to him a spirit perversely cruel and mean.

"He regards luck then as Tom Jackson's wife, of Lafayette, does.

"Tom said one morning at breakfast:

"'Hang it all! While I was weeding I dropped my Imperial Order of Boosters' pin on the lawn, and I've been looking for it now over half an hour. It's gone for good, I suppose.'

"That night when Jackson sat down to dinner there was his pin beside his plate.

"'Bully for you,' said he. 'Where did you find it, Martha?'

"'I let Tommy go barefooted this afternoon,' said Mrs. Jackson quietly."

A HANDKERCHIEF CASE

BY MAY MANTON

NO. 796 is a design for embroidering a handkerchief case.

The scalloped edges are designed to be padded and buttonholed; the sprays of leaves worked either in solid embroidery or as eyelets; the stems to be outlined, and the round dots in solid work or as eyelets. When making solid embroidery, first pad the stamped figures by darning backward and forward, lengthwise, and then cover closely with over and over stitches worked in the opposite direction from the padding. To outline the stems, take short stitches, keeping the needle toward the right and work upward. To make the dots as eyelets, first encircle by running a thread around the outline. Pierce with a stiletto and work closely over and over.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TRANSFERRING THESE PATTERNS.

THE window pane method is perhaps the simplest and is particularly successful when the material is thin such as batiste, lawn, or handkerchief linen, the best plan is to pin the sheet of paper and the material together and hold them up against the window pane and with a sharp pencil trace the design on the fabric, or else lay the material on the pattern on top of a table or other hard surface, and carefully trace the design with a well pointed pencil, the design may also be transferred to heavy material by using a piece of transfer or carbon paper, to be placed between the pattern and cloth, using a sharp pointed pencil to secure a clean line.

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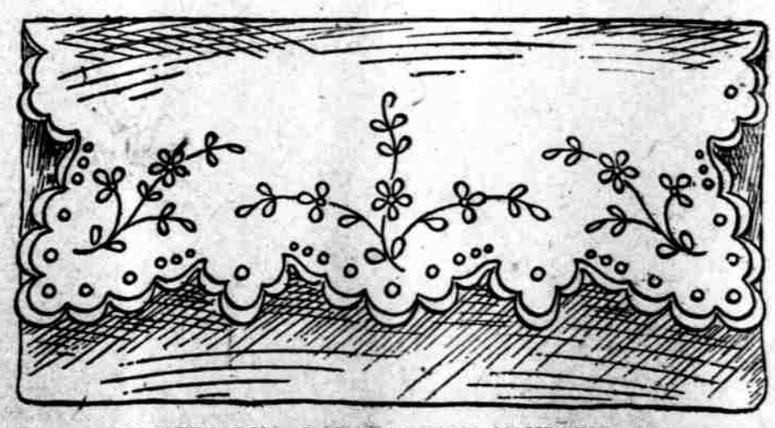

ILLUSTRATION SHOWING THE HANDKERCHIEF CASE WHEN FINISHED.